EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

What Is the Secret of Happiness?

By Sidney Dark.

THE wise man discovers exactly what he needs to be happy, and endeavors persistently to acquire the essentials.

It is easy to blunder badly about these essentials. Lots of men are furiously anxious to marry. They are persuaded that life is impossible without one particular woman, often to discover that life is impossible with her. Similarly, money popularly is regarded as necessary to happiness, although we all number men among our acquaintance far more miserable in a costly residence than they were when living in a humble "home."

Indeed, it is fairly evident that to the majority of human beings "what one is" is of infinitely greater importance than "what one has." There are, of course, exceptions, but they are comparatively few. The passion for mere possession is rare. The miser is abnormal. Men love money because money means power, or, may be, good wine.

Women love money because it means costly clothes and many jewels. The desire to wear beautiful clothes is entirely admirable. A woman often expresses her personality with splendid completeness in her dress. We are apt, perhaps—particularly if our incomes are small—to denounce the love of diamonds as vulgar; but, after all, children and all lovable, simple souls adore things that glitter.

In attempting to discover the secret of happiness—which is the aim of all philosophy—the initial difficulty is the variation of individuality, the fact that one man's food is another man's poison. But this difficulty is superficial. We are all more alike than we are inclined to admit. Besides, I am not concerned with the extraordinary man, with the possessor of the great soul or with him who has no soul at all.

The philosopher himself is too often the man apart. He does not understand the common wayfarer, who wants a good time, who is ready to bear with cheerfulness such ills as flesh is heir to if haply he may have his meed of laughter. And the common wayfarer is bewildered. He discovers that to be good is not necessarily to be happy, and that to be naughty is equally unreliable. Many admirable persons and many outrageous scamps obviously are discontented and wretched, while the happy are found both among the virtuous and the vicious.

The industrious and the lazy, the silent and the loquacious, the domesticated and the gypsies, the married and the unmarried, the bond and the free, believers and unbelievers, socialists and anti-socialists, are all divided, some happy and some unhappy. The greatest thing in the world cannot be attained by opinion, conviction, circumstance, or virtue.

The unhappy man is the dull man, and the dull man is the man without a soul. That is the truth, and the whole truth. The dull man eats and drinks and works and sleeps and grumbles and sniggers and is just a rate payer. Most of us have to do all these things. We have to be rate payers. The horror comes when we are just rate payers—and nothing more.

To remember the great pageant of history, to recall the fact that we are the heirs of the ages, the descendants of knights and clowns and poets and pirates—and then to be content just to be rate payers is appalling.

The dull man never laughs at himself, never plays the fool, never loses his head—never dreams. A street is a street to him, not the scene of daily and innumerable dramas. A child is a child, not a bewildering conundrum. He believes the evidence of his eyes (he actually boasts of it), and fancies that things really are as he sees them. There is no conceivable error so utterly false, no heresy so mischievous.

Dullness means a lack of imagination, and without imagination life and happiness are both impossible. Religion and art, from one point of view, share the same mission. They bring to man the sense of amazement. They teach us that the world is a wonderful fairy palace, the place of hourly miracles. Then we discover that we ourselves are most amazing creatures. The dull man is not interested in himself, has no self-love. I am certain that no man can love his neighbor unless he has learned to love himself. From ourselves we discover humanity.

I do not mean that it is desirable to be inanely conceited, but to be consciously self-interested and immensely amused. The sprite still lives in most of us. Who of us can tell what we shall do under new and unexpected circumstances. That is the fun of the thing. That is the interest of life. Then we find out that the real things are such shams, and that our lives are actually passed among the unrealities-

Think of the happy people one knows, and inquire! I know a clerk who is happy on $15 a week because his wife thinks he is a hero and he thinks she is beautiful. He is not a hero to you and me, but in her dream world Launcelot is nothing by comparison, while in his dream world she is another Helen.

It does not always make us happy to be loved. That is unfortunate. Love can be critical, and to be criticised is to be hurt.

I know a nun who is happy dreaming of the glories of a wonderful gray wonder-world. I know a Salvationist who is happy because he is a son of God. I know a cheerful, roystering, often penniless, writer who is happy because to him all men are good fellows and all women adorable. The happy socialist dreams of the brotherhood of men; the cantankerous socialist yearns to interfere with his fellows.

It often happens that the men who stimulate imagination and encourage our dreams themselves fail to attain happiness. They stand on the mountain and point out the way, but they themselves never reach the land of delight. They are, however, the great men, and you and I are the common wayfarers. Their way is not our way, and it may be that their sorrow is more precious than our joy.

Music the Most Social of the Arts.

By M. E. Robinson.

MUSIC is "common and beautiful as light and air." There is no better exponent of this belief than M. Camille Bellaigue. In his opinion music is the most social and sociological of the arts. He remarks how it has always appealed the most strongly to apostles of the people who make social regeneration the object and hope of their lives. The people, he says, are by nature musicians. They are not architects, or painters, sculptors. Music exists for the people, not the public, and the decadence of music means the triumph of materialism and the loss of social faith.

He pictures forth one after another saints, scholars, martyrs, patriots, warriors, and other makers of history and arbiters of national destinies who have derived their inspirations from music and maintained their courage by means of it.

In his refreshing pages we read of many a thinker and reformer and many a man of action who has found music both a rest and a call to work; of Luther attributing to it a moral power as great as, and even superior to, that of his bible, and chasing away the devil, who was no musician, with voice or flute; of Mazzini in a season of deep depression rousing himself to renewed valor in the battle for freedom and humanity by writing a treatise on music, and the necessity of socializing music, not as a specialist primed with knowledge and learning, but as a patriot glowing with noble passion; of Lamennais finding some consolation in the platonic perfection of musical ideas for the trouble he suffered through his love for his fellow creatures and of the truth; of Frederick the Great, indefatigably learning the flute from early youth in secret, to old age, amidst the applause of privileged Quantz, building a palace of music, gathering round him the best composers and executants of the day, planning and founding an opera house, industriously composing marches and concertos, and sandwiching all these activities in between his campaigns and councils with unflagging and lifelong zeal.

As women emerge from the position of artificial dependence which they now hold the desire that beauty shall interpenetrate the lives of both men and women, and be no longer a mere ornament, will gain ground, and music will go through the same phases of development which have made all the other arts in their day nationally educative and universally significant. These flourished only as an idealization of the working life of a whole people.

In Italy, for example, artists like Giotto and Raphael, Perugini and Bottecelli kept a shop and were ranked as tradespeople; and the art workers of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries commonly began life as goldsmiths. Music itself, so far, has had a similar career.

Johann Sebastian Bach, who was practically the founder of the art and science of music, was great because he was popular; and the part of his work which possesses the greatest vitality, his Passion music, was expressly designed with the old German chorales worked into its structure, as a kind of sacrament in which every one could participate.

When it is once understood that music is a fundamental part of ordinary life, and is not something added on to it, any one who is described as musical will be, in nine cases out of ten, not a performer, but a listener. And the music teacher will be engaged not so much in showing children how to play as in giving simple expositions of musical form, with perhaps a few graphic and historical accounts of the composers and their times, and in pointing out the beauty of their works, and playing these in sections and as a whole many times over.

A few enterprising lecturers working up and down the country on the lines adopted by Mr. Thomas Whitney Gurette could inaugurate a new education which would lead to a music renaissance. Music would soon be not a luxury spasmodically indulged in by the rich at fancy prices, and controlled by commercial middlemen, but a national and international art industry for the products of which there was a steady and vitalizing popular demand that would lead to the formation of municipal orchestras and the erection of public buildings for their accommodation. Here whole townfuls of people could enjoy real music that would be a socializing bond equal in strength to that of religious communities and family groups. And eager interest would be manifested in the festivals like that which made it a delight to the Athenians to spend whole days in the theater for a week and more at a stretch, witnessing the dreams that expressed their democratic spirit and embodied their political and religious life.

A great future is before the musical profession if they will but minister to the millions. At once the most intellectual and the most emotional, the most universal, and the most personal of the arts, music is, indeed, the most potent of all consolations for the troubles of workaday existence.

Humanity Approaching Divine Ideal.

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

IN the last two chapters of Revelation we are assured that the material world will, when the time is ripe, be absorbed and transformed by the spiritual. The primitive Christians expected this consummation too soon, but they were always thinking about it, and believed that the dead were also waiting for it in a state of probation, or a sleep, as St. Paul calls it, and that all the redeemed would enter upon it together.

Surely they were right. Humanity is progressing towards some great end, an end higher than the perfecting of separate individualities. One generation goes on where another leaves off, and unfolds the divine ideas a little more fully. Some day, we may hope, this idea will be realized in a human society as nearly perfect as the limitations of earth permit. We may reasonably hold that those generations which have passed on have not stood still either, and are still concerned with the work of evolving humanity, a mighty Whole, one with and in the glorified Christ.

"Then cometh the end." All illusions, all sense of separateness, will disappear; the material will make way for the spiritual, the phenomenal for the real, and the universe of universes, visible and invisible, attain to perfect conscious oneness in the eternal life of God. This is the New Testament view of the matter seen in the large perspective of our present day knowledge of the vastness of the universal order.

When we come to the question of the survival of individual consciousness after death we can say no more than that the evidence which would satisfy the ordinary religious mind might fail with the uninformed by the religious temperament. Nevertheless the lack may be in the latter rather than the former. The plane of spiritual experience is real and is felt by most to be higher than the purely intellectual, and it is in the plane of spiritual experience that certitude regarding the immortality of the soul has hitherto generally been attained.

Evidence that would carry conviction by the methods acceptable to the scientific mind would, of course, have to be on the lower plane. I quite admit that such evidence might be of great value as a reinforcement to spirituality, but it could never be a substitute for it, or take precedence of it. Still I think it not improbable that scientific psychic investigation will before long manage to prove to the satisfaction of the average man the existence of discarnate consciousness. If so, I shall rejoice, because I believe the general effect of such a demonstration would be good. But even so, I would rather rely on the instinctive perceptions of the highest order of spiritual experience.

The other day a miner wrote to tell me that from time to time when he had been in special need of guidance in some particular subject he has found that subject preached upon from the City Temple pulpit. So often has he had his need met in the discussion of questions from the City Temple pulpit which he had neither time nor opportunity to think out for himself that he believes the result must be due to something more than mere coincidence, and I have no doubt he is quite right.

His theory of the matter is that minds spiritually en rapport may influence each other even unconsciously, like the separate receving stations of Marconi's wireless telegraph apparatus.

Quite true, but there is more in it even than that: there is the mind behind all, and the divine love that vibrates between soul and soul in response to the call of human need, like the ether that carries the electric force from point to point in the visible universe. I see from the list of injured in connection with the terrible mining disaster of a few days ago that there is a possibility that my interesting correspondent has been killed. If so, perhaps he knows more now of the ways of God with men than I could ever tell him. Death is no calamity to those whom it calls higher, but only to those who mourn their loss. And even that would be turned into joy if we could but know how things really are in the great beyond.

I have received a crop of testimonies illustrative of the operation of the same kind of force. One is from a poor cripple. This fact throws the sufferer back upon prayer. Often the prayer has been like that of the Durham miner, with much the same result.

I have been finding out increasingly of late that the City Temple has an invisible congregation, a congregation that never enters its walls and has never looked upon our faces; but which, like the cripple I have mentioned, counts itself as belonging to us and joining in our prayers. It is a helpful fact, and if my voice could reach to all these scattered sympathizers I would like to tell them that we know it and that the spiritual communion is a fact independent of place and circumstance. If we help them it is equally true that they help us.

I could go on multiplying examples from cases nearer home, but I will content myself with saying that the action and reaction of preacher and people in the City Temple church, of prayer and sermon, is often impressive and sometimes even startling in the evidence it affords that we are being watched over and guided from the world unseen.

Protoplasm, Life and Death.

By Sir Ray Lankester.

THE result of the study of living cell substance, or protoplasm, is to show that every cell has an individual life, and often makes this manifest by its movement, change of shape, and internal currents of granules, as well as by the chemical substances it produces and consumes. All depend for their activity upon the presence of free oxygen; all are killed by heat far less than that of boiling water; they continually imbibe water charged with the chemical substances which nourish them and cause them to grow in bulk and to divide into two; and they manufacture various chemical bodies in the protoplasm and emit heat, electrical discharges, and sometimes light.

Some or other of them, in fact, do in their small microscopic way all that the complex, big animal or plant, of which they are constituents, is seen to do. The cells of the liver manufacture the bile, those of the salivary glands the saliva, and those of the stomach wall the gastric juice, and squeeze out or eject those products into the adjacent ducts. Other cells lay down (as cell wall or coating) fibrous and hard substances which form the skeleton; others become converted into horn and are shed from the surface of the skin in man as "scurf"; others form the great contractile masses called muscles. One lot are told off to control the other cells by something resembling a system of elctrical wires and batteries—these are the nerve cells, with their fine, thread-like branches, the nerve fibers, which are long enough to permeate every part of the body and place it in connection with the nerve cells in the great centers called brain, spinal cord, and ganglia.

Protoplasm has been called "the physical basis of life." Since the activities to which we give the name "life" reside in protoplasm, and are chemical and physical activities like those of other bodies, even though more subtle and complicated, we are justified in regarding protoplasm as the substance in us and other organisms which "lives." Death consists in the destruction—the chemical undoing or decomposition—of protoplasm. In simple microscopic unicellular animals and plants this is obvious—so long as the protoplasm retains its chemical structure it is not "dead." Thus it is possible with many small, simple organisms—such as animalcules and the seeds of plants—to dry them, and to expose them to extreme cold, and to deprive them (by aid of a vacuum pump) of all access of free oxygen or other gases.

All chemical change is thus necessarily arrested. But the atomic structure of the chemical molecules in the protoplasm is not destroyed. M. Leon Becquerel (who represents the fourth generation of a gifted French family of great investigators of nature) has just shown this by most carefully conducted experiments. Seeds of clover, mustard, and wheat so treated do not "die": the mechanism remains intact, and when, after many weeks, the seeds are moistened, warmed, and admitted to contact with the atmosphere the mechanism again begins to work, the protoplasm resumes its activity, the seed "sprouts." Life was defined by Herbert Spencer as "the 'continuous' adjustment of internal to external relations," and this implied that what is called "suspended animation" was not really a possible thing, but that there could only be an apparent or approximate suspension.

On the contrary, it seems that just as we may stop a watch by holding back the balance wheel with a needle and yet not "kill" the watch—for it will resume its movement as soon as the needle is removed—so the changes of the chemical molecules of protoplasm can be arrested, but if the chemical "structure" is uninjured the mechanism of protoplasm can resume its activity when the arresting causes are removed. The inactive, unchanging protoplasm is not "dead," it has not been "killed" so long as its mechanism is intact.

On the other hand, it is the fact that this mechanism—the chemical structure of protoplasm—is easily destroyed. A unicellular organism is chemically destroyed by crushing or disruption, and the consequent admixture of an excess of water to its particles, also by a temperature high enough to cause pain if applied to our skin, but yet much below that of boiling water, also by many varieties of chemical substances, especially acids, even when much diluted. More complex animals and plants are liable to have the protoplasm of essential and important cells of the body destroyed, whereupon the destruction or death of the other cells not involved in the original trouble frequently and as a rule results.

The protoplasm of the cells of a complex animal is dependent on the proper activity of many other cells besides those of its own tissue or locality in the body. If the protoplasm of certain nerve cells or of blood cells or of digestive cells is poisoned or injured or chemicaly upset, other cells lose as a consequence—not at once but after a short interval—their necessary chemical food, their oxygen, their accustomed temperature, and so bit by bit the great "body"—the complex organism—ceases to live, that is to say, its protoplasm undergoes step by step and bit by bit irrevocable chemical change or breaking down.

When a man enters upon that condition which we call "death" the general museular movements first cease, then the movements of respiration (so that a mirror held to the mouth was used to test the coming and going of the breath and the absence of a film of moisture on the mirror's surface was held to be a proof of death), then the movement of the heart, which is followed by the awful pallor of the bloodless face and lips and the chilling of the whole body, no longer warmed by the blood stream. But for long after these changes have occurred the protoplasm of the cells in many parts is not injured. The beard of a corpse will grow after all the great arrests of movement above noted have been established for hours.

Is it, then, necessary to suppose that a something, an essence, a spirit, an intangible existence called "life" or vitality," or the "anima animans," passes away, or, as it were, evaporates from a thing which was living and is now dead? Assuredly no more than it is necessary to suppose that an essence or thing called "death" takes possession of it when it ceases to carry on the changes which we call "living." It must not be supposed that we regard the unique and truly awe inspiring processes which go on in the protoplasm of living things as something simple, easily understood and accounted for, because we have given up the notion that life is an entity which enters into living things from without and escapes from them at death.

The real fact is that the notion of "spirits," whether of a lower or of a higher kind, supposed to enter into and "affect" various natural objects, including trees, rivers, and mountains, as well as animals and man, does not help us, and only stands in the way of our gaining more complete knowledge of natural processes. When we say that life and even its most tremendous outcome—the mind of man—are to be studied and their gradual development traced as part of the orderly unfolding of natural processes we are no whit less reverent, in no degree less impressed by the wonder, immensity, and mystery of the universe than those who, with happy and obstinate adherence to primitive conceptions, think they can explain things by calling up vital essences and wandering spirits.

Hard Trial for Business Neophyte.

By John A. Howland.

ONE of the hardest experiences of the young man entering business as an employé is to accustom himself to the crisp, curt, pointed order or direction which comes from his superior in the work.

Most young men just out of school have been handled with a certain considerateness on the part of instructors. There are varying degrees of this consideration, even in the schools, but the chances are that the young man of most promise to his employer may have had the most consideration of his instructors. To this extent he is unprepared for the change in manners and methods that confront him in the business office.

Accordingly as such a young man is sensitive, these rough and ready tactics in business may affect him out of all proportion to their significance. He may be cut to the quick by a word which was farthest from the intent of the speaker. A sudden, brusque dismissal that is common to the speaker when the ends of the talk are attained may strike the sensitive young man as an affront. Chances are that a series of such incidents within a week may tempt the young man to consider giving up a place which may hold the widest potential chances for his success.

What is the young man to do? What is he to expect?

It would be absurd to imagine two employers of men having the same personalities and the same methods in the handling of men under their supervision. That employer, of whatever type, having only the one employé with whom he is in personal touch all the time may be an entirely different personage if he have charge of a hundred or a thousand employés. The larger the number the farther he must get away from some of them.

This measure of distance then must be of first consideration on the part of the young man. The farther apart two men are the louder each must talk in order to be understood. The comparison holds true in business. In one way or another emphasis must be used by the employer accordingly as his employé is removed from him. And the young neophyte in the ordinary course is one of those farthest removed from authority.

An order or a direction, sifting down from a chief through several assistants, necessarily of itself has assumed a cold, hard, impersonal directness that takes from it any touch of the sentimental. "Do this" is the form and the interpretation of the order. But, coming from the chief himself, busied with a thousand thoughts and demands upon his time, it might have been just as little impersonal and humanized. He has discovered, doubtless, that he hasn't the time for anything bordering upon the social amenities in office hours. And if he be of the nervous type, years of work in such capacity may have lent a tinge of caustic to his words that are out of harmony with his intent.

That thing for the young man to remember first is that in the business world he is not to expect the deferences that may have been his from pedagogues in his academic and college life. Thereafter let him prepare to consider the particular type of man for whom he has engaged to work.

There are many of these types. There is the explosive type, with nerves on edge, who roars his authority broadcast; there is the calm, silent type, on the surface never ruffled and who speaks with a cold, calculating precision to suggest the bite of acid in his words; and just occasionally one finds this busy type of man of large affairs is a "good fellow."

It is natural that this man of the boisterous, explosive type shall use words that he doesn't mean. He explodes in speech rather than talks. He may exhaust his vocabulary and his lungs over a minor matter which might have passed unnoticed in a dozen other establishments. At once the words and intonations of such a man are to be discounted. They may be smiled at broadly behind his back. It isn't impossible that he expects that they shall be.

With the man of the cold, calculating speech the chances are that in the minor matters he will keep discreet silence. He has discovered that in general everything he says and does is taken seriously to heart by the employé. If he expressed himself in half the words common to the explosive type of employer he could expect that every member of his organization would walk out of his establishment, never to return. Therefore his speech is guarded, and, guarding it as he does, it becomes cold. "Business is business," he says, and in his life the business day never ends. An employé, meeting him on a steamer in mid-Atlantic, could not hope to find the business mask off him for a moment.

Rarely in this man of large affairs the employé finds the "good fellow." With a good constitution, good digestion, a remembrance of how he felt himself as an employé, and naturally of the mixing type of man, here is the ideal employer from the point of view of the young man. He may smile good-morning at his employer's coming and send a cheerful word of good-night at the end of the business day, anticipating a genial word or two of appreciation by inference.

But, after all, as between every type of the employer, the young man must appreciate that at bottom the capable employer is measuring his services for just what they are worth. If the employer is incapable of thus weighing his employé in the scales he is an incapable employer, likely to go upon the rocks of failure. That position of the young man is to size up his employer according to his temperament, discounting or augmenting whatever the course of business calls from him in word or action. A thin skin is a poor covering for any man in business. A skin too thick may be fatal, especially to the employé.

But let the young man remember that, whatever the type of his capable employer, his own capabilities will be tried out as the test—explosively, calculatingly, or in smiling good nature and fellowship.